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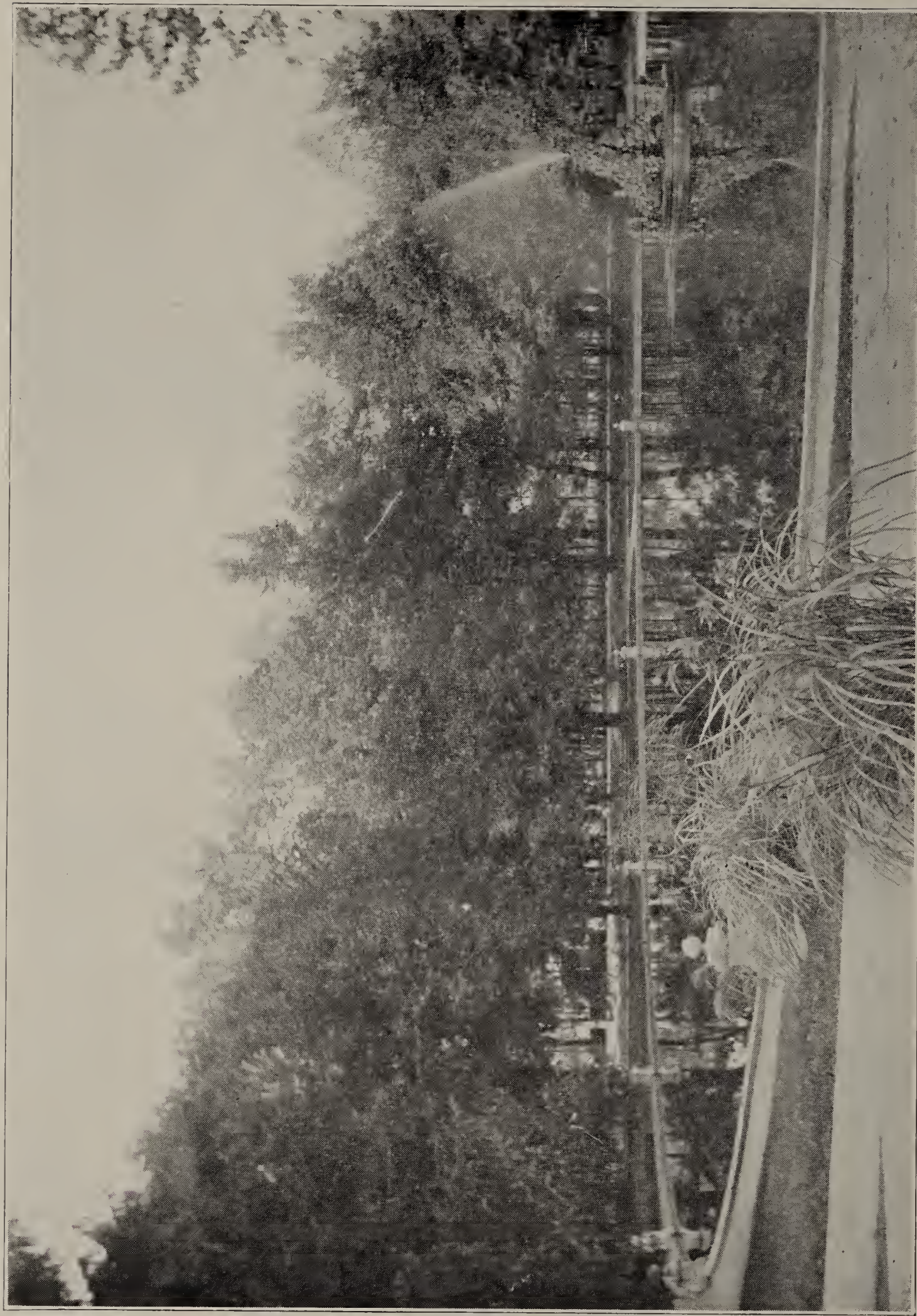
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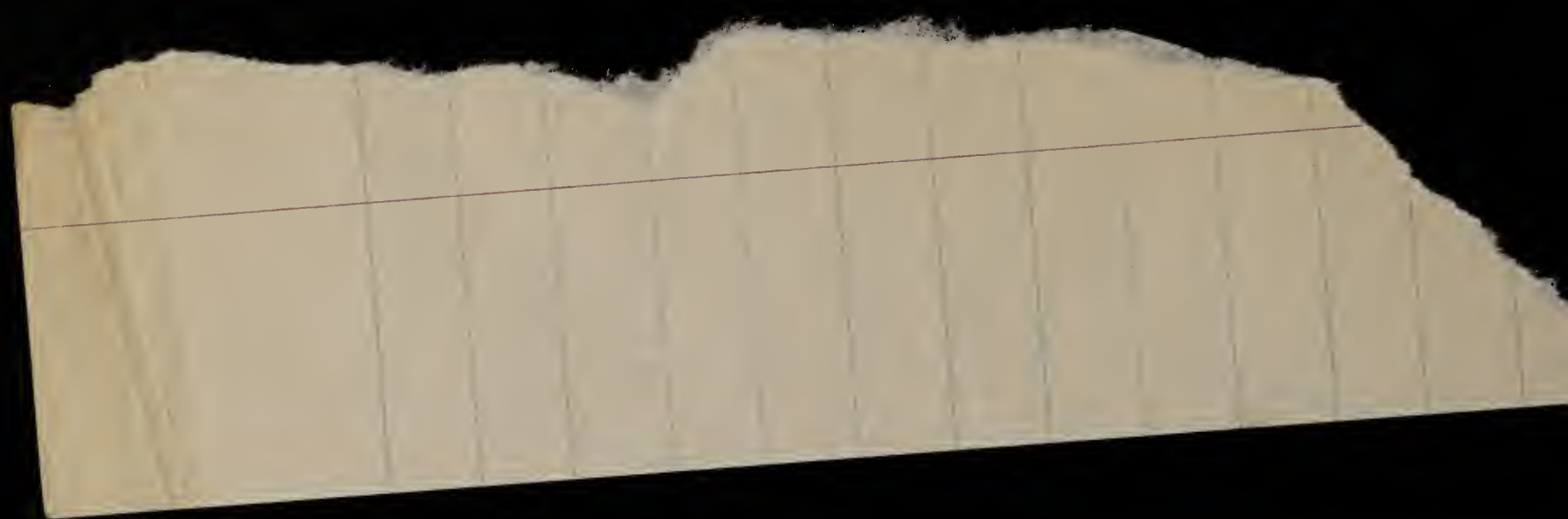
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View of Pool in Front of Main Building

When writing this article
look up Harper's Magazine
for Oct. and Nov. 1936.
Article by Hutchins



Superfluous Talent

● By James O'Connor '36

IF talent, leading a college student to the honors of graduation, cannot find a loftier reward in social activities than the uniform of an elevator boy, or the calloused hands arising from the use of pick and shovel, then surely that talent is superfluous. What is happening nowadays to an overwhelmingly large number of college-bred young people is sufficient to make one believe that the world is literally gorged with superfluous talent. Nothing could be more true than this idea if talent suitable to be educated were of no further use in life than to serve the accumulation of wealth, or the providing of daily bread. If the practical is all in education, and the personal is not to be considered, then not only a large section of the educative process, together with the talent required in it, but also a vast number of splendidly equipped modern schools are superfluous. Certainly, the practical as well as the personal should enter into the education of youth, and if it so happens that the practical cannot be put to use readily because the times do not provide abundant facilities, this is no rea-

son for discarding the personal element.

The Personal Element.

It is after all, and above all, the personal element which counts in education. Leaders in the educational field who ought to know, and who have written books on the subject, have urged this idea until it has come to be a platitude. Opinions like that of William O'Shea emphasizing that character development is the great, if not the sole aim of education, may be found scattered over the pages of books produced by the hundred-and-one writers who consider the subject of education their specialty. To be able in the outlook upon life to find room for cultural and intellectual interests is surely on a par with any other endeavor worthy of a man. Interest in these superior matters, the cultural and the intellectual, does not imply covering the fingers with rings and leaving the wrists grow limp, but it does imply to know the laws of God, of nature, and of revelation, and then to control the will, the passions, and whatever else may enter into human life

accordingly. To gain a firm footing on the road through life is advocated on all sides as being supremely important. Cultural and intellectual interests, which by their nature reach beyond daily occupation, can and will supply just this footing. No one can be said to live completely, or to be safe and sane in his outlook upon life, if he chooses to live by his hands alone.

Mental interests, of course, must reach beyond mere literacy. Only too often is bare literacy trumped up as the capital achievement in personal benefit when there is question of education. The fallacy of this opinion is making itself felt more and more. If reading is to make a full mind, it must be the reading of works that contain the best which man has thought, felt, esteemed throughout past ages, and that which in present-day literature matches up to what has been judged to be the best. Merely reading some of the half-hundred-million tabloids, sold annually, will not contribute the least benefit to culture and intelligence. No appreciation of beauty and worth can be gained from a literacy which is confined to the sheer druff of the printer's art. As a specimen of superfluous talent, literacy of this type is almost unsurpassed.

If, as the English writer, John Buchan, maintains, education is the only cure for certain diseases rather chronic with the modern world, then the diseases must be found, or the remedy will likely be superfluous. Plain literacy, as already indicated,

is not a remedy for mental ailments. Neither is the mere ability to speak and write one's mother tongue correctly a remedy for mental inefficiency. These items are steps, as it were, taken in the direction of finding a cure, but if the process will not proceed beyond initial steps, a cure will not be reached, and the talent which has gone into the work will be wasted. If literacy does not rise above the prurient, if writing and speaking will not rise above the crude and thoughtless, they will not provide a means of escape from the possible crime and vulgarity of the totally untutored. It is ignorance, the crudeness of ignorance, and the vices belonging to ignorance that make up the chronic diseases of which the world has always suffered, and the wasting of talent, no matter how measureless, will not provide a remedy. Whatever is misused or misapplied is in every sense superfluous as far as reaching aims and objectives is concerned.

Worth-while Personal Objectives.

Whatever will lead to the ennobling of life is a worthy personal objective in education. Cultural and intellectual interests have already been indicated, but these are broad terms; what they mean must be examined more in detail. Cultural interests are mainly concerned with the refinement of feelings and emotions. In a word, the impulses of the human heart are to be transformed into truth, beauty, and worthy love. Real art, in whatever field

SUPERFLUOUS TALENT

it shows itself, makes this demand. Elevated and refined feelings and controlled emotions can only result from an intelligent contact with lofty minds. Such minds may be found at work in letters, in history, or in science. The trails they have left should be taken up and followed as far as personal talent will permit. They lead unerringly to a proper destination. To find these minds and distinguish them from others, all one will have to do is take note of their sense of honor and duty, of their ideals of right and wrong. Where the immoral and the unmoral are displayed as the chief source of interest, the road is opened to danger, folly, and failure; and the talent which opened the road is as superfluous as weeds in a garden.

Probably with good reason has it often been said that the supreme benefit to be derived personally from education is the ability to think. This idea has been stressed by Thwing, in his pamphlet entitled, "If I Were a College Student," and in later times by Abbe Dimnet in his volume, "How to Think." Among intellectual interests in education, the cultivation of the thinking faculty is certainly paramount. Nothing else will characterize a personality more clearly than the ability to see more than one side of a question. An enlightened intellect carries with it security in dealing with the affairs of life. As a personal power, it lifts man above the obstacles before which the un-

trained mind sinks in despair, while, if trained by education, it brings an asset to life that is above calculation in monetary value. The advantages accruing from a trained intellect will last as long as the individual mind itself will last. Benjamin Franklin says very aptly, "If a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him."

Trying to put an untrained intellect to use is a dangerous procedure. Without guidance, the intellect will not readily be able to see the true as true and the false as false. Most of the greatest mistakes made in the course of human history are the results of putting untrained intellects into control of human affairs. The brutalities of persecutions, the violence accompanying political upheavals, the cruelty of oppression bear witness to this deplorable fact. Lack of cultivated intellect has always been a curse, a disease, for which suitable training can be the only remedy. An intellect not properly instructed is plainly a superfluous talent.

Cultural and intellectual interests of a secular nature alone will not be sufficient to keep talent from being in the main superfluous. The training both of intellect and feeling must be guided by religion. Only when true and solid Christian faith enters into this training will lofty purposes be achieved. As God-given faculties, intellect and feeling must receive God-given training; otherwise they will remain largely,

in spite of one's best personal efforts, superfluous talents. To be merely worldly wise is of small consequence; what God requires man to believe and to do involves the highest training that can be obtained in this life. Hence it is that the Catholic Church, first and foremost, insists upon religious education as a safe foundation for any and every kind of training to which man may aspire. Only education accompanied by true religion can be an unmixed blessing for man. Where God does not enter, the door is always open for the devil to enter; where the Ten Commandments are not known, feeble human wits will try to give commandments, and dangerous commandments these feeble human wits are likely to impose.

By far the best example of superfluous talent comes to light in the lives and the works of those supposedly educated men who have astonished and continue to astonish their fellows by teachings in which God and Christianity have little or no place at all. In decades now past, as records show, their work was characterized as "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," and they, or their successors in this evil undertaking, are still busy at the same ill-chosen task. It will require an earnest resort to the chief and well-fixed personal objectives in education to keep oneself from being swept into the chasm of the blackest despair by their theories and ideas.

Practical Objectives.

Commonly, by the expression practical objectives in education, all that variety of training is signified which is reducible to earning power, and earning power is ordinarily synonymous with making money. These objectives, therefore, comprise qualifying for various professions, industries, and employments. A great number of people, if not the majority of them, look upon education which prepares for practical pursuits as the only training worth any consideration. When, however, business depressions become rampant, and professionally trained youth cannot find suitable employment, the time which they have devoted to their education, and the specialized talent which they have developed, are looked upon as being altogether worthless. While hopelessly searching for a job, thousands of young people become victims of the pessimistic idea that education, as well as the talent which it develops, is completely superfluous. If what is usually implied when the term practical education is employed were the sum total of mental training, then there would be some semblance of truth in this charge. But the weight of the personal objectives, whose value has already been considered to some slight extent, easily outbalances the best claims of the practical objectives. Life is not made only for having and holding, but also for understanding and enjoyment. Real men and women are

SUPERFLUOUS TALENT

made by cultural, intellectual, and religious interests, rather than by the factors which enter into the process of gaining and accumulating worldly wealth.

It will be nothing more than just to assert, however, that on both sides of the educational ledger there is room for recording instances of superfluous talent—wasted talent.

Only it should be remembered that if the practical side should fail to bring its reward because of untoward social conditions; the personal side, unless it be defective, will never fail to yield results that are above price, for, as it has been well said, "Fill the bushel with wheat, and you may defy the devil to fill it with tares."

Transition

by

Norman Fisher '37

When the mellow light of September
Wrings from me a weary sigh
In grief, I then remember
The sunny summer days gone by.

There was beauty in the summer rain,
And sweetness, like a lover's smile.
I wish its freshness were here again
To befriend my loneliness awhile.

I fear the dreary cold of wintry life;
I wish 'twere gone for evermore,
With its snow and storm and hateful strife
And all its pains that I deplore.

But still before me is fragrant Autumn
With luscious fruits in ample store,
And its foliage a-flood with wampum
Presenting sights which I adore.

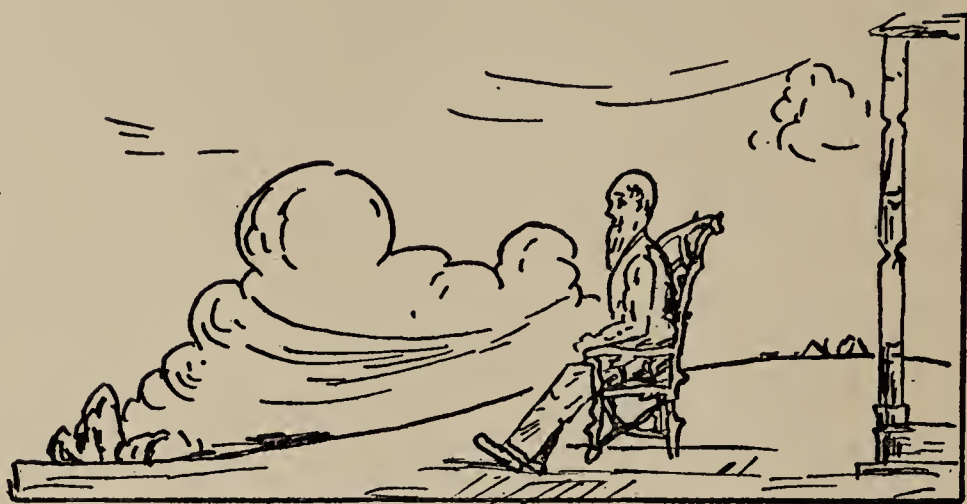
Then, as a wise man, nobly planning,
I shall seize what lies at hand
And waste no time in idly scanning
What coming days hold in command.

I surely know great heaven's sweet meaning:
That I should reap a sheaf of gain;
And not spend days in useless gleaning,
While others harvest golden grain.

They Always Go Us One Better

● By Fred Tietz '36

Jack attempts to outdo his grandpa in telling stories, but is beaten at the game.



Pop Mormon grew reminiscent

HIS thoughts were not chronologically arranged, but that made no difference to Pop Mormon. How could it be otherwise with him? His head had grown grey with age, and all that age implies had crowded into his head in helter-skelter fashion. By washing gold at the placer he had accumulated a pretty fortune, even if the Forty-niners had left him to follow their tracks over alluvial and glacial deposits by several decades later. If they had overlooked gold in their greedy rush for it, so they had likewise overlooked taking their numerous rough-and-tumble stories along. What the Forty-niners wasted in gold and stories, Pop Mormon salvaged. Quiet living, a rickety old lounge chair, a mind filled chock full of "Roaring-Camp" incidents made up Pop's crown of ease which a youth of labor had brought him.

According to the fashion of age,

Pop Mormon grew reminiscent. He loved to talk to boys and see their eyes stare, their lips part as they swallowed his blood-curdling tales with the full dose of impossibilities that went with them. Quite usually among his youthful audience his own grandson, Jack, took the liberty to do the prompting by shouting at the ending of a tale, "Tell another, grandpa, tell another one," and readily complying with the demand, Pop Mormon would rumble over most of the details of the story he had just told until Jack would boldly taunt him with being forgetful. Piqued at this twitting, Pop often became so amusingly confused that his young pals turned boisterous. Though advanced into second childhood, the old fellow could not very graciously accept the mockery of children. On one occasion when merriment excited by his fumbling narrative grew particularly tumultuous, he

bridled, hissed slightly between his teeth, then clammed into a prolonged shutup.

To smoothen matters over and to prevent his companions from dispersing, Jack now threw himself into the breach and declared that he would relate a story while grandpa was out of sorts.

"Let's hear you, let's hear you," burst from the audience in response to Jack's proposal. Even Pop Mormon smiled a cynical and dubious little grin and joined the chorus with a half-hearted and slightly chagrined, "Let's hear you, Jackie, let's hear you."

Jack, who was not fully sixteen years old, had heard so many of his grandpa's stories that he felt confident in being able to handle one or the other successfully, and in that story he would make himself the hero. The one thing he would do was to change the narrative so thoroughly that even his grandpa's credulity might be awakened. After blurting out a few half-statements and disconnected phrases in trying to get his cue, he presently proceeded with all the verve and spunk he could command:

"Geewhiz, Pop, you should have been with me when the things happened I am going to tell about. So should all of you have been with me, you my companions. Ha, you would have found out what it means to have your hair stand on ends! I hurried away from that scene in the deep forest as fast as I could. My pony, Pinto, was all winded when I got to Prairie Town. He had lost

one shoe; I had lost my hat. The way Pinto flailed the ground with his feet made it sure that a shoe would be lost; the way my hair stood erect with fear made it equally sure that my hat should go astray. I was all worn out on the evening of that day; all tired out. Thinking of what happened to me then even tires me out now. Gorsh, I'm tired! But wait till you hear."

"Wait a minute, Jackie, wait a minute," interposed Pop Mormon, "take time to breathe while you speak, and don't try to scare us all by shrieking. You have hours of time for telling your story, you know."

"O.K., Pop, remember the day when you told me to ride into the forest to bring a message to my father at his hunting cabin? Well, that's the time it all happened. Wait till I tell you. You think you know all about it, Pop, but you don't. My Dad knows, but nobody else knows, and you don't know either. It all went this way. I hate to tell about it. Nothing was quite so terrible."

"Go on, tell about it, tell about it!" shouted Jack's companions.

"I'll go right on then," complied Jack, "you see it was this. Pop here, grandpa, sent me into the deep forest to my father's hunting cabin. At his word, I strode my pony, Pinto, and dashed away. It took hours to find the cabin. Evening came and the forest turned black with darkness. But I hit on a trail that led to the cabin, and before I knew it, I literally stumbled onto it. There was no light. My father must

not have returned from his hunt, so I thought. Having tied Pinto to a tree, I decided to enter the cabin, strike a light, and rest until my father would come. I had no difficulty in entering the cabin; the door stood wide open. As I entered, I heard a scurrying noise like that of bats when stirred from their sleep. I got the creeps a little, I'll admit, but I struck a match and by its light spied the stump of a candle standing on the table. While lighting the candle, I heard Pinto neigh. Thinking this a signal that my father was returning on his hunting mare, I turned to the door. My way was blocked. There in the dimly flickering candle light, I saw what nailed me to the spot with fear. A pair of blazing eyes riding above distended jaws showing glistening, fang-like teeth, noiselessly moved over the floor towards me. A terrifying snarl suggested readiness to spring. Without planning what to do, and how I did it I don't know, I bolted to the top of the table and from there leaped towards an exposed joist under the roof of the cabin.

"But how could this bit of acrobatics save me from the beast? Probably, it could spring as far as I could jump. Something unexpected came to my rescue. From the joist, my father had suspended a newly-mounted pheasant. Without intending it, but to my utter good luck, I knocked that stuffed bird to the floor. The beast seized upon it furiously, tore it to pieces and chewed at the parts voraciously all

the while snarling and growling terribly. After a few minutes, the noise was heard no more. In the dim light, I saw the beast stretch to its full length and quiver in the agony of death. The poison used in the process of mounting the bird had done its work. I was saved, but I shall never forget my narrow escape from the jaws of that horrid beast which, upon later inspection, my father declared to be a full-grown wolverine. Gorsh, I feel sick even now when I think of what could have happened to me."

"Go on, go on, Jackie," now exclaimed Pop Mormon. "Don't be so dramatic. Things happened the way you say, but I put the story together when I told our neighbor, Smith, about your adventure. You heard me then. You tried to improve on the tale by telling of your fright, but the story is an old one, and your fright adds little interest. For one thing, you were a poor hero. I can tell you a story with a real hero in it, how about it?"

"Tell it, Pop, tell it, Pop," came from the youngsters.

Pop Mormon, who by now had completely swallowed his chagrin at being ridiculed for floundering, shuffling, and repeating in his former stories, braced to the task. He would not allow his grandson, Jack, to outdo him before his youthful audience.

"You see, you see —"

"Yes, we all see," came from one in the crowd who wanted to poke fun at old Pop.

"Shutup," another ordered, "we want to hear his story."

"Well, as I wanted to say," continued Pop Mormon stroking his beard, "that there story of Jackie's reminds me of the run-in I had with an old grey she-wolf. It was terrible, I'll tell you, but I came out on top. Now I —"

"You came out on top of what?" asked several of his young listeners laughingly.

"I came out on top as the hero, mind you," replied Pop a trifle vexed, but proceeded. "You see, I was returning from the east side of the Rio Grande. It was about evening, yes, it was. So I had to put up for the night. You see, I scrambled into an Indian dugout to get myself a night's sleep. It was dark-black as pitch in that dugout. I felt that there were a lot of leaves handy which the wind had blown into that place. Some of these I wanted to use for a bed. Others I scraped into a heap and set them on fire. As the blazes shot up, I heard a vicious howl and a lot of yapping. I won't stop to tell you how I felt then and there. Just think how you would have felt then and there with a she-wolf and her cubs spotting you?"

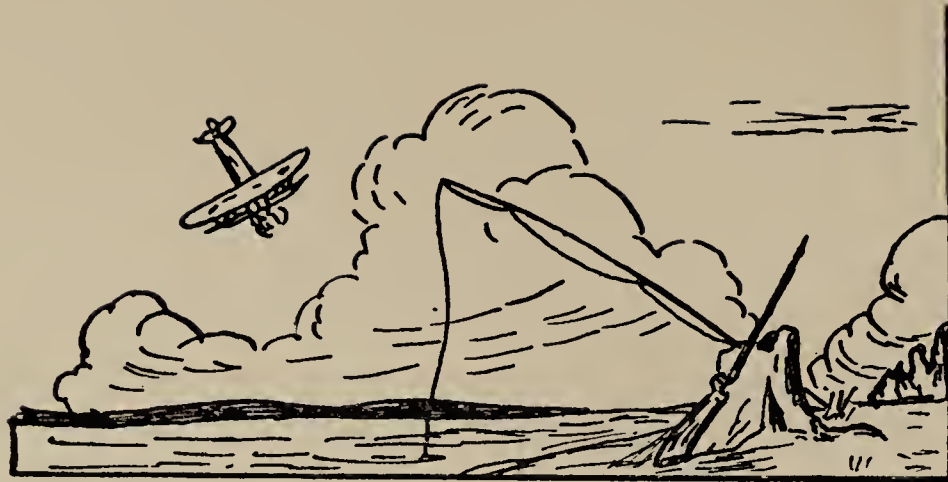
"I — I grabbed the small rifle hanging to my shoulder and, calm as a sleeping baby, took my aim. Click went the trigger, and that was all. Never before had that gun failed me. What was I to do? What would anyone of you have done? But I never trembled for an instant. I knew what I would do. I would

spring at the wolf when the wolf would spring at me. I did. Down to the floor we went, but I was on top. I fastened an iron grip on the wolf's throat, but the wily beast flayed me with its paws until I got my knees on its hind legs and held them down, and with my one free hand, I could keep at least one of its forepaws from doing me further harm. But I was scratched. I need but roll up my sleeves to show you how badly. After all these many years, I still carry the cruel marks of that tussle.

"Five minutes' strangling put an end to that wolf. Then with the butt of my rifle, I put an end to her cubs. All that remained to bother me was my torn clothing. I did not mind the scratches; they would heal up by themselves, but my pants and jerkin needed mending. What was I to do? What would you have done? But remember, a hero is never stumped. I skinned the wolf and walked away in its hide prouder than a king. Now, what'll any of you say to that? What'll you say to that, Jackie? What's the matter laddie, you look so funny?"

"That was a good one, Pop, that was a good one," all agreed before Jack could muster an answer to Pop's question.

"Well Pop," Jack broke in, "I'm sure I'm not looking funny, but I was just thinking that it doesn't matter what we kids do, or what we kids say; the fact is that our grandfathers always go us one better."



And won't bother 'bout plane, rod, or rifle

Vacation Ballad

by

Leslie Henrickson '36

My vacation is but a sweet memory
Of the kind that I cordially hate;
Not that I didn't enjoy it, oh, no,
But for the next, how long 'tis to wait!

All the fun I had when out fishing —
(Now, look, here I'm cooped up in school)
Ah, hunting and planning — how I miss you,
While obeying the old golden rule.

What's the use of it all — a vacation
That makes me get blues all the more?
I think I shall know how to miss 'em
When vacations dare knock at my door.

When next one comes 'round, I'll not worry,
'Cause my formula really is good;
And the best of it all, it's so simple
That a groundhog would laugh if it could.

Well, you see, it's like this, and now listen,
And you'll never go fishing again;
You won't even go planning or hunting,
And blues will not bother your brain.

VACATION BALLAD

My rule is — take Shakespeare or Dante,
And read them as much as you possibly can;
Then you'll sure give farewell to Bacchante,
And become a proud literary man.

If summer presumes to come 'round, then
It'll find that you've changed quite a trifle;
You'll bounce old vacation's sweet memories,
And won't bother 'bout plane, rod, or rifle.

The thoughts of great men will hang o'er you,
Why, then, should you not work more than play?
For 'tis said by the masters of knowledge,
"Wise youth won't lose even a day."

Don't think that I shall turn desperate;
Or that vacation will make me a craven
By saying, "Here's gun, line, and airplane."
Nevermore! I'll say with Poe's "Raven."

My resolves I've made in September,
The "r" month so full of the oyster;
Which brings eight of its kind to cheer me
With joys like in "Ralph Roister Doister".

You may not like my plan, nor me neither,
But I tell you it's heartily good;
I'll try it next summer, on that stake you bet,
And if I don't, I would if I could.



Prospero

● By Roman Anderson '36

*"For you, most wicked sir, whom to call
brother
Would infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault —."*

The Tempest — Act V, Sc. 1.

SHYLOCKS? No, I shrink from disturbing them. Their misdeeds and revengeful natures have been blotted across the weary pages of criticism only too often. Fausts? I detest them. Their licentiousness and Machiavellianism echo and re-echo throughout the world particularly today. I choose to portray one of whom scant notice has been made, one who deserves commendatory mention, though little can be said about him. He is the gallant figure in Shakespeare's rather undramatic comedy, "The Tempest,"—Prospero is the one. If I can do him any honor, I shall not think it a wasted effort. To my mind he is worthy of praise.

I may be slighting my hero by saying that he is doomed to act his part in an undramatic play. This charge, however, does not imply that Prospero is not well and fully represented as a real and living character. The idea is only a restatement of the opinion commonly

entertained by Shakesperean students that "The Tempest" is wanting in the more exciting elements of the drama; that vital conflict, so essential to dramatic suspense, is singularly weak, and that sorcery and witchcraft hold too large a share in the play to permit a ready understanding of its meaning. Yet if the situations really were thoroughly awkward, the constructing of a normal character would not on that account become impossible. But the situations are not awkward. Shakespeare took care of that part of the play very successfully. Hence it comes that Prospero emerges from the skein of wierd and tangled incidents with mellow wisdom in his speeches and with well-defined personality in his conduct.

If a man is as strong as the difficulties which he overcomes are mighty, then Prospero is truly heroic. Dethroned and exiled by his own brother; branded a failure by the people of his dukedom; stranded upon an island which is next to nowhere; his only companion a three-year old daughter; rejected, disgraced, hated, he, nevertheless, climbs the rugged pathway over obstacles with one objective in mind,

PROSPERO

and he reaches that objective. He compels fortune to bow to him. Favor comes to him where nothing obtained but reasons for despair. True greatness of character now shows itself in Prospero, for, as Mr. Tucker in his critical comment on this play asserts, "He, Prospero, is not embittered by his hard experiences, nor does he brood over schemes of vengeance. Rather does he realize with the exiled duke in 'As You Like It' that the uses of adversity are sweet." Had he been a real living man it might be supposed that he had heard the story that adversity is like a toad which bears a jewel in its head. If such a toad ever lived, then Prospero is the genuine human counterpart of that creature. Surely, this must be so, for Prospero's brains are a jewel. He thinks only wise thoughts. In the direst adversity, he is never found raving or carping, not even at his treacherous brother. Like a man, he drains the dregs to the last crumb from the cup of bitterness.

Tried and proved in suffering, Prospero moulds his character into a rock unbreakable. He, however, retains room in his heart for love. Witness the earnest parental love for his daughter, Miranda. He lives only for her happiness. Yet there is no easy-going sentimentality in this love. When occasion requires it, he shows himself a stern and just father. It almost seems impossible that he should be a noble father to a child, given, as he is, to the oddities of magic. But he is not a slave to the black art. He is

portrayed by Shakespeare as one who uses occultism discreetly and is ready to abjure it when his unparalleled situation no longer demands its use.

*"But this rough magic, I here abjure,"
he exclaims,
"and when I have required;
Some heavenly music, — which even now
I do
To work my end upon their senses, I'll
break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever any plummet
sound
I'll drown my book."*

One who has gained control over the forces of nature, as Prospero is represented to have done, and still retains sufficient mastery over himself to discard that control because of its supposed connection with the powers of evil, gives evidence of manhood that is in all respects enviable. As a lesson from which one is to learn that good must triumph over evil, this change in Prospero's practices is worthy of note. It shows that he is invested with a personal force of character to the heights of which few will raise themselves in the face of material advantages. The character that shines through his doings makes him an ideal, tender, honest, and loyal man; one possessed of superior wisdom; one whose morality is above reproach. He knows how to countenance hardships and privations, and still be a man. "Nil sine magno vita labore dedit mortalibus," says Horace. Prospero illustrates

this saying beautifully in his conduct. Though fame and fortune forsake him, he knows how to win them back by welcoming adversities with outstretched arms. "Evil will bless and ice will burn," so Emerson teaches, but only if they are boldly met.

Did Shakespeare have any particular individual in mind whom he sought to characterize in Prospero? Several Shakesperean scholars hold the opinion that King James the First is cast into this character, but only with a burning irony. If King James the First ever entertained the idea that Prospero was the reflection of himself in the minds of his subjects, he must have felt highly flattered, provided he did not see the irony. Other critics who consider "The Tempest" to be autobiographical insist that Prospero is Shakespeare himself. But, as is usual with controversies that will never reach a final solution, there are those who

maintain that Prospero is not Shakespeare, but that in this character Shakespeare merely embodies a portion of that incisive philosophy of life which came to him with increasing clarity at the age of fifty. Be that as it may; controversy will not ruin the character of Prospero.

A fact not to be overlooked in analysing the personality of Prospero is that Shakespeare evidently was hard put in trying to make this character interesting to an audience. To turn a slender thread of interest into a rope strong enough to hold the attention of a crowd required supreme dramatic technique. But with Shakespeare, dramatic technique was incarnate. At the age of fifty, he could not fail, even if he had tried to fail, in the delineation of a character. To support this idea, Prospero adds his wisdom, his courage, his manliness, and his compelling interest as witnesses.





Lope de Vega

by

Joseph Smolar '36

Before his mental eye all human life lay bare
Unfolding joys and pains with loves and griefs;
Eager, tender, fierce as an unstable fire,
These limned themselves for him in pictures grand
Which he portrayed with keen dramatic skill
That people thought him a divine conceit.
The sheik, the clown, the gallant cavalier,
Each with revealing traits here must appear.

Then as his spirits veered to loftier heights,
He turned his pen to write of holy things;
With light and ardor apt for all desire
Of these with equal melody he sings.
His is a crown of proud immortal bays
That's woven out of eighteen hundred plays.

The Waters Will Never Tell

● By Francis McCarthy '36

*The perfect crime finds comfort
and rest only in the sable
moonlit waters.*

NIGHT — black and heavy has settled silently upon the little sea-side village of Galison. But for the despoiling hand of modern commerce it remains a lovely bit of sixteenth century France. A cold breeze whips in from the Channel. In sharp contrast to the bustle of the busy day, the docks lie quiet. Warehouses are solid blocks of blackness against the dull void of a starless sky. Save for the endless flap-flapping of waves and the creaking of pine and cable no sound is heard.

Hidden by the night, a man moves stealthily along the quay. Two nights ago he committed an ugly crime — fratricide. Aware of his own great cunning, he feels secure. Only one mistake did he make. It was fatal. Having planned the “perfect crime” for his own gain and the bewilderment of human detection, he did not reckon with that super-human sleuth, who follows him down the nights and down the days and down the labyrinthine ways of his own mind.

Dodging ghoulish forms in the silence, his imagination projects weird pictures. Before his fevered eyes dance grotesque forms! He hears not the boom of the yardarms, nor the groaning of wooden hulls, nor the far-off wail of a foghorn. Always before him are two glowing points of fire — the fear distended eyes of his victim. A few paces behind ever press with measured tread, tireless feet.



The silent waters won't tell

Midnight — The full moon gazes boldly through a silvery rent in the inky clouds. Lighted windows gem the town. Standing on the brink of a pier, looking into the depths, the fugitive beholds an avenue of escape from the inner

torture and the relentlessly pursuing steps. Why not bury the burden and the secret in the concealing waters of the bay? “Ha!” he cries, “now will I free myself forever from the strong, sure feet that haunt me. And the police? I have committed the ‘perfect crime.’ None shall ever know of it.” He rushes toward the waiting waters, the inviting waters,

is ready to leap; then suddenly stops. On the bosom of the bay glare two piercing eyes. The deliberate pace behind him quickens. Dashing an arm across his burning eyes he flees those luring, taunting waters. Oh, no! The depths of the bay could not treasure his secret. Another refuge must he find.

Maddened by the stillness he slinks through the streets of the town to his lonely rooms. He craves sleep. He throws his clothed body on the bed. At last alone. Alone? Never alone, for his secret accompanies him; it drives away repose.

Comes morning. Casting its gold over the laughing waves, the new born sun whisks away all lingering traces of the dusk. Jeweled with dancing sunbeams the town bursts wide awake. On every side joyous fairies of happiness chant with morning's golden chords of gladness. Sturdy townsfolk start the day with friendly smile and carefree song. The gloriously youthful day even sends a ray of hope to a shipwrecked soul. Touching the racked man's face a little sun messenger gently whispers, "You are not alone. Though you have sinned greatly, much will be forgiven you. God still loves you. He will forgive and forget. Go to the cathedral on the hill, confess to the gentle, old 'Abbe'. Then will your heart find peace."

Up through the winding streets, bearing the precious sunbeam of hope, he comes to the grand old house of God which crowns the village. Gazing up at its towering spire that reaches toward heaven he feels

that here he may be reconciled to his God. How grand it is! Its gracious lines are hints of Infinite Mercy. Its cross recalls a thief on a cross forgiven from the cross.

"The kind 'Abbe', please?" he asked the servant who opened the rectory door.

"I am sorry, Monsieur, but the 'Abbe' left just last evening on important business."

What, the "Abbe" not here! "When will he return?"

"Heaven only knows, Monsieur, he left no orders, and did not say where he was going. He may be back in a day, a week, a month?"

"Thank you, Madame, for your trouble. I will come back later in the day."

Gravely disappointed at this rebuff of fate, but not despairing, he goes down into the town. Feeling hope ooze, as it were, from the bottom of his heart, he turns into the busy streets to drown his soul-sickness in the excitement of the trading at the shops. He passes many people. Almost all of them turn, look at him quizzically, searchingly. Venturing a "bonjour" several times, he receives as replies, suspicious glances and hurried avoidance. Really this is strange. Suddenly he discovers that people watch him covertly, that they talk in muffled tones while looking in his direction. Do they suspect him? Is he discovered? As he mentally says an emphatic "No," his arrogance and pride surge up within. The little sunbeam of hope scurries off to the farthestmost recess of his

soul. Ah! he is too clever for these oafs, they are too ignorant even to suspect the obvious. Perchance his appearance evokes the murmuring? His clothing?

He steps before a large mirror in a display window. He examines himself. Searching from shoes to cravat, he finds all is in order. Then he looks into his own features. Zounds! is this a mirror or what? How did those eyes get into his head? Could those —? Then reality blasts away his defenses, leaving him stunned. Of course the people know; his crime is inscribed plainly on his features. What about the police? — again he is the steel-nerved desperado seeking to elude justice. The docks are his only haven.

Evening draped in purple robes moves sedately from her halls in shadowland to light "the glimmering tapers round the day's dead sanctities." Workmen rest near their tidy cottages. Youths and girls stroll slowly through the streets, enjoying the cool breeze, softly laughing and chatting in love's own language. Blending with the treble of the wind, soft music forms a recession for the departing sun. Still there pervades an indefinable air of mystery, of dread. A murderer is at large. Bands of worthy citizens are heard at times in their search for the culprit.

Near the cathedral, keeping well within the shadow, a figure moves.

Approaching the rectory it comes to the front door, hesitates, then steals around to an obscure side entrance. No light smiles from the house. A hand feels the bell-cord. Somewhere within a bell tinkles softly. There is no stir, no sound save the rapid thumping of a desperate heart. He waits — an age. He rings again, louder — no response. That "Abbe" has not yet returned. Gripping the cord limply, the hand moves unconsciously up and down, as the man strives to comprehend the billows of thought which surge through his soul.

Once more midnight balances Galison in its mysterious hand. Once more the criminal looks upon the ebony waters of the bay. Its waters are so calm, so quiet, so safely comfortable. Thinking again of God, he feels an unknown spirit of thankfulness for the soft pillows of the deep. All thoughts of crime, the dread of the police, the uncertainty of eternity quit his mind. He is conscious only of extraordinary fatigue, together with an intense desire to rest his head on the velvet cushions of sable. He wishes to sleep away this burden which he feels, but can no longer understand.

A splash is heard in the quiet night. The wise old moon blinks his yellow eye as he watches the cold ripples spread from the spot into which a dark figure disappeared. The fate of this man? No one knows. The waters will never tell.

M I R A G E

Mirage

by

Francis McCarthy '36

Dust-scorched, empty, infinite
The red sun, relentless, changeless, glorious,
A lone figure in a sea of sand, desperate, despairing,
A soul wandering aimlessly in a barren land;
It staggers on and on, ever searching, ever hoping,
Until at last a fairy road looms broad and clear.
The way to joy, cool breezes, refreshment,
Invites the lone figure.
Slowly trudging towards peace and rest
It plods its weary way along,
Feasting its eyes on beautiful groves,
Cooling crystal waters, verdant grass.
Buoyed up with joy, the staggering figure speeds its step,
Throws up its hands
To grasp a bough of luscious fruit,
Then falls into the hot eternal sands;
For again it sees only desert.

Desert, scorched, empty, infinite —
A group of riders on winged steeds
Halt for a moment near whitening bones.
A mound of sand they raise,
Then pierce with sword the sand above the skull
As a last tribute to a deluded man.
This done, the sand whirls 'bout mid flying hoofs —
And they are gone.



More Human than Interesting

● By Edward Zukowski '36

ALLOW me to tell you that I have the funniest kid-brother. Honestly, I'm not stretching the point when I declare that he can stir up more trouble within a week than city gangsters can blow into the face of the police within a year.

No, don't misunderstand me. The "kid" — brotherly love alone dictates this title — doesn't go about robbing banks, or attacking the persons of our good U.S. citizens. For the life of him, he wouldn't hurt a flea; that's how heartily good he is. To get under the skin of my poor self is his only idea of getting into trouble. He is a glutton for getting into that trouble; he likes it above everything. Ever since he and I began sharing the same room, he has turned into a cauldron bubbling with trouble, and it is I who get all the scalding-hot splashings from that seething pot of mischief. Immediately upon sharing a room with him, I let him know that I would be boss. What a job I then and there took on my hands! I'm sure that no chief of police would change jobs with me. No, I'm not telling you or anybody else that I ever hoped to rule him. Who could? To rule him would mean to understand him; to

understand him would mean to solve the riddle of human life. Just the same, the "kid" holds the deepest place in my heart, and, much to my daily regret, the deepest place in my pocketbook.

The other day he came down to the chain-store where I'm the manager and bluntly said:

"Hey, Ed, I've got to have five bucks. I've a date tonight, and I'm completely broke."

Imagine the brass in such a request. I'm but five years older than the "kid" and have finished college. But he has finished high school. Why should I be an easy mark because I've finished college; and why should he be a sucker because he has only finished high school? But so it is.

To squelch his boldness on this occasion, I replied, "Why lad, I gave you two dollars a couple of days ago, and just last night I noticed you pulling mother's apron strings by way of pestering her for two more. Don't you know that dad has inaugurated a cutting-down-expenses proposition. I'm broke, I want to tell you."

For once I was determined not to be soft-soaped. But when that

trouble cauldron in the "kid" began to sputter, my hard side began to melt away. He held to his line of wheedling with:

"Do come on, Ed, I've just gotta have five bucks; you don't want me to turn out to be a sponger, do you? Be a good sport, old boy. You've always helped me, and today, above all, I'm in a tight place. You know that I can't ask dad or mom; they don't want to hear about expenses. Now don't disappoint me."

Again that "kid" hit the soft spot in me somewhere. Falling for his coaxing, I, as usual, played the poor fish. I handed over the desired five-spot. My reward was a sound patting on the back until I felt sore, while in my ears rang that sweet gratitude for the hundreth time:

"What a good old scout you are, big brother."

No, I can't beat that kid-brother of mine at anything. His inborn amiability always wins the game. Many a time I've been badly soft-soaped by him, but I could always forgive him. I cannot forgive him, however, for slyly sneaking onto me just when I'm talking to my best girl friend. Of late he does just that over and over. With a jolly greeting, he butts in on me at such vulnerable moments with a:

"Hi, Ed, I've gotta have —"

This intruding on his part with his mushy talk gets me red under the gills. I would like to give him a dose of billingsgate, but I dare not. Circumstances forbid it. I must make a good impression on my girl

friend, Estelle. So I just bite my lips, shuffle a bit from one foot to the other, and finally slip something into the "kid's" itching palm. He knows how to be psychological, that kid-brother of mine does!

My best advice to you is that if you have a kid-brother like mine, then for the sake of heaven don't own a car. I'll give you my "be-moaning" reason. The "kid" always wants my car just when I need it for important business. If I do happen to get it, the gas tank is surely empty. More than once I have been compelled to hike several miles away from home to get my car from the place where it was 'spot' without gas to run on. When this occurs, the "kid" has a ballyhoo of excuses and such a wealth of sad stories on hand for me that I'm touched before I get a chance to touch him. Oh, I dread such days when the sun is pleasantly shining, and the temperature is inviting for a spin down the thoroughfare, for the "kid" is sure to walk up to me saying:

"Gee, your car was all muddy, so I washed it. What a job! One tire was flat; I fixed that too, and now I'm—"

By this time I'm running up to my room to see if my keys are on my dresser. Sometimes they are there; more often they are not, and on such occasions I'm merely outwitted.

Talk about dressing! That chap wouldn't wear cheap clothes; no, not even if he were reduced to beggary. A suit must cost forty dollars and

must be changed three times yearly. Still he hasn't enough clothes for his style. People know him to be the fashion-plate about town. Why shouldn't they? He owns almost a store of young men's apparel, and in that store is much that belongs to me besides coming out of my pocketbook all told.

Did I ever say my kid-brother was smart? If I did, I beg your pardon. I wanted to say he is brilliant. He has brains; he knows how to use them, too. He turned out to be an (A) student in high school, and concerning medals, well, he has enough of them to make a gold crown for himself. I'll never forget that commencement on which a fat politician of high rank, who had been invited to preside at the school-closing exercises, handed the "kid" the gold medal for the oratory contest and on top of that, another for being an (A) student. At that time

I was sitting in the audience with my expected "better half," Estelle, and with a number of the younger set. They all saw my chest swell as I whispered half audibly, "I always knew my kid-brother was brilliant; it must run in the family." After the exercises were over, I hurried to congratulate him. He smiled his thanks for a moment, and then all at once came that familiar line of gratitude which ended in the usual words, "Ed, how about letting me have—?" He got no further, for I quickly shoved a five dollar bill into his hand before Estelle might hear his naughty request.

As he walked away joyfully to his companions, my admiring gaze followed him, and I said to myself, "Gee, 'kid,' you're smart, oh, I mean brilliant. Few have a brother like you, and by your favor, I am one of the fortunate few." Again I felt a swelling of the chest.



Making Beconians

● By Ambrose Lengerich '36

JUST one week more!" comes a moan from the English recitation rooms as the dead line for composition work draws near. We tyros complain about not having time, and we haven't got time because we defer and demure until the last moment arrives. Frenzy seizes us. A clean pad, well-sharpened pencils, a literary smirk, and, oh! literature is about to be born. Labored thoughts, vague thoughts troop along in plenty. Necessity drives us through an agony of thinking and writing.

The result? — rambling, inconsistent expression, puerile phrases, inexact words. Unaware of these defects, we fondly imagine our compositions to be gloriously artistic, yes, unique. When the papers are returned, they are unique — well-adorned with red ink and low grades.

Why this sorry achievement? Various reasons may be advanced: carelessness, laziness, distaste for letters, indifference, contempt for written work. Each of these causes shares in the mediocre craftsmanship found in our essays, poems, and stories.

Whirligigs in the Breeze

Carelessness springs from a disorderly and tactless mind. Because

of hurried and confused thinking, cloudy essays and insipid poems reach the professor's desk. Like whirligigs in the breeze we, who set to the task of writing, are spun round and round amid dusty thoughts and arid emotions. If only we would control our minds, take a little pain, be alert, this dizzy whirligigging would quickly end. It is no easy task, of course, it requires self-discipline, it implies a serious desire to improve oneself, this effort at controlling the mind. We fully realize that it must be done. Will we do it?

Clam-shell Minds

Confused thinking is always first cousin to sloth. Many of us do not take to writing because the effort would require opening the clam shell in which we hold our minds clamped shut. We hate the effort; and if we did make it, the outcome would probably be a catastrophe. All our confused thinking would be disclosed. Our laziness keeps us from doing organized thinking for ourselves or for others. The excuse, cloaked in the humility of idleness, is always handy. It is so easy to make this excuse. One need but say, "Really, I cannot write." How

tragic! The fact is that we never hand in an acceptable composition because we never earnestly tried the art of writing. Perhaps writing is not worth the effort demanded? Very true, indeed, if our thoughts will match the customary absence of vitality, energy, and effort in our mental work. If our minds remain unmoved by the pleasant music of a poem, or by the stately march of lucid prose, then we have arrived at the clam-shell stage of mentality. Really, at this stage we ought to be allowed to vegetate alone and aloof on the pinnacle of mental isolation.

Usually distaste for this or that activity can be removed or overcome by steadfastly adhering to the activity which has incurred our dislike. Our minds need only have their prejudices cauterized by means of alertness and suitable ambition. As a soothing salve for resulting soreness, we can apply constant perseverance. Reaction to mental food is much like reaction to physical food. At first we may hate the sight and taste of real oysters. But why even that, when our brains have come to be as similar to these creatures as two peas in a pod? A genuine taste for real oysters can, however, be cultivated by persistent effort. By the same means genuine aversion can also be cultivated for our oyster-like mental condition. If, at first writing was a burden, in the end it will likely be a pleasure, if only the clam shells will be pried from our brains.

Pen-painted Lilies

Within our own ranks there are many who think literature to be of minor importance. They are unaware of the fact that for ages writing has been one of the best means of communicating ideas to the greatest number of our fellow-men. Perhaps we see in writing merely a mass of words, and more words. If that should happen to be the case with us, then we are likewise blind to the beautiful hues of nature, to the heavenly charm of painting; we are deaf to the magnificent harmonies of a symphony, and to the thrilling voice of song. Writing is not a worthless effort at painting lilies in a lot of wasted words; it is life in words. By its magic, we find new worlds and meet new friends. By its help we enter into the secrets of literature more deeply and thoroughly than by any other means. Only a pen vigorously dipped and used can appreciate the fine works of others.

An Inspiring Purpose for Writing

Why composition work at all? To aid us in gaining facility in communicating our ideas to those whom we cannot reach by word of mouth is its immediate purpose. Beyond this, we, as Catholic young men, have a vastly superior purpose. We should learn how to use the immense quantity of material which our Holy Mother, the Church supplies, for the benefit of others by exhibiting that material in readable form. In this respect, we have at-

tractive examples set before us by authors who have achieved noteworthy importance. How thoroughly gratified shall we not feel if by stern efforts at writing we can some day reach the ranks of such Catholic authors as Claudel, Knox, Kaye-Smith, Dawson, Chesterton, Belloc, D'Arcy. Their excellent pens hold wide attention. By means of zeal in writing we can arouse interest and desire in ourselves to emulate these masters. Not only are they worthy of imitation in their purpose, but also in their manner of writing — their style. In both, they are excellent examples.

Often we bewail the lack of material when we undertake to write. Is there really a dearth of subject matter? Surely we must have something to say, but that implies nothing more than filling our minds by way of a little painstaking preparation with the required knowledge. The world about us is full of usable material. We need not travel to the poles of the earth to find it. An

old saying pertinent to writing puts the idea well in the words, "Why reach out into the distance when the good lies so close at hand?" Furthermore, for him who would write on Catholic topics, there is a heritage of wealth in material unbounded in quantity. Once interest in writing has been developed, required material will no longer be the question.

The enemy of progress in any enterprise is diffidence. As elsewhere, so in the endeavor to acquire facility in writing, the Gordian knot of timidity must be cut. We can cut this knot by acquiring the vocabulary necessary to express our thoughts, and then provide an outlet for these thoughts by the diligent use of the pen. By these means, we shall quickly thrust aside the difficulties attending work in composition. No longer will there be any reason to bewail the lack of time, the meagerness of subject matter, the red-ink corrections, and the low grades in the required written work.



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EDITORIALS



The Seventh National Eucharistic Congress

Popular gatherings, large, small, political, social, religious, always have some focal point of interest. If the essential interest has deep significance, the assembly will be greatly concerned about its plans, its doings, and about what is going on. Hardly a more engrossing interest is thinkable than one which regards man's spiritual, social, and individual welfare. Of all the interests known to man, therefore, the one involving true and earnest religious convictions will likely bring into assembly the largest number of people. The Seventh National Eucharistic Congress held at Cleveland, Ohio, in recent days is another of the many proofs given to the world at large that people in vast numbers have religion, honor their religion, and love Christ, the great Redeemer of mankind. Secular interests, even if associated with the most thrilling amusements, cannot make and never have made so strong an appeal to the human mind as does the call of Christ for people to come near Him and bow in worship before Him.

That congresses of a religious nature are always bright spots in the busy materialistic life of man is clear to any observer who witnesses the enthusiasm, the great spiritual fervor, the devout, prayerful demeanor of the hundred thousands who attend them. The words of Christ, "Come to Me all ye that thirst, and I shall refresh you" have more power to draw attention than any considerations of mere earthly welfare.

For human society, which at present suffers much distress from religious persecutions excited by the enemies of Christ and His Church, the holding of Eucharistic Congresses can be only a happy and God-sent blessing.

G. M.



Justice and Sportsmanship

He who plays at any game hard and straight wins even when the score stands against him. Good sportsmanship has always held to this principle. Every game has its winner and loser. In a fair gain, although gate receipts and applause may not be divided equally,

the training received in good sportsmanship will go in equal halves. This training, among other advantages, develops a sense of justice. A player who can control his feelings, even when the odds are against him, will be rewarded by success in the run of time. The player who loses his head, that is, allows his feelings to control him, may not only lose the game, but he loses his reputation just as well. He comes to be a poor sportsman.

Certainly, it is sweet to wear the laurel wreath of victory, but if that wreath is soiled by unfair tactics, it decorates the brow of the wearer with less glory than would come from a crown of mud. This truth should be kept in mind by every one who enters a game. In the minds of thoughtful people, whose judgment alone really counts, the really

sportsman-like, losing hero has as much honor as the sportsman-like, winning hero. Besides this, the good loser has the advantage over the winner in that he need not walk about with a Damoclean sword suspended over his head. Future and fortune are not always friends, and they are less friendly in the case of a winner than in the case of the loser. He who wins must always be at his best, or be ready to bear the cost of his negligence—humiliation and failure.

When good luck, without deserving effort, and bad luck, in spite of good effort, come a player's way, they must both be taken with the calm and level eye of the good sportsman. That calm and level eye is a sense of justice which alone brings honor.

H. G.



IT NEVER HALTS

It Never Halts

by

Edward Gruber '37

Glittering diamonds and heaps of gold
Are the gifts of the world in its prime;
But the most precious thing,
When the scrolls are unrolled,
Will be but one moment of time.

Dives with all his silver and gold,
With all his injustice and crime
Cannot make even one
Of Sheol's sparks cold
For one brief moment of time.

Of all things the most common that we own
On this rolling bourne is time.
How senseless, therefore,
They seem who groan,
"I haven't got the time!"

Since time is both so precious and cheap,
How foolish it seems to me
That people don't save it,
When there's good to reap;
But when evil — hold it with glee.





EXCHANGES



Since the duties of the exchange editors are the same as in previous years, they find it prudent to travel the paved highway of their predecessors. To criticize and to acknowledge criticism is their duty; they will endeavor to perform this commission in the best possible fashion.

In consideration of the fact that assistance is an invaluable aid to success, the exchange editors graciously welcome to their desk all journals, periodicals and papers that were wont to appear in the past. They also extend a cordial invitation to the staffs of other journals to barter with them.

The old adage, "Two heads are better

than one," has been proven many times through the exchange department's work in the field of college journalism. The exchange editors wish to express their appreciation for help received, and feel certain that the forthcoming year will be another milestone toward the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

Furthermore, the exchange department looks forward enthusiastically to the contacts it will make in the next nine months, through literary exchanges, with the minds of other students in different institutions.

R. J. T. '36
N. F. D. '36





OUT OF THE WHIRLWIND

By William Thomas Walsh

Realism has become in our day a manner of expression that is recognized as ugly or in some way displeasing to what is commonly known as good taste. Realizing this, many authors either have entirely omitted bare facts or have given slight mention of them. An author, in order to make his work readable and digestible, must avoid both extremes, crass realism and prudishness; he must not deviate from the golden mean.

William Thomas Walsh has followed the golden mean. It is not the D'Artagnan type nor the Don Quixote type whom the author presents as the hero of this novel. The narrative unfolds itself about the person of Stephen West, an unaffected, uncultured Lithuanian factory employee.

As is sometimes the case when a young man sees in the distance the type of girl who is so appealing in her attractiveness that the romantic nature of the youth urges him onward in quest of his fair one, so it was in the case of Stephen, who pursued a beautiful blond haired maiden, and found Nina. Nina Mateskas was also the object of another ardent suitor, the bluff, rugged saloon keeper, Casimar Pavlonis. Nina plays off the two men against each other, as a chess player would move his pawns, and after a series

of passionate affairs, Casimar is murdered. After a sensational murder trial one of the paramours is condemned to death, while artful Nina, through the machinations of a grasping political lawyer, escapes the penalty that is wrought upon the other.

Stephen West is a passionate youth. "When he was despondent he was a surly brute. And when he was not low in his mind he was conceited and selfish. In West one feels an attitude that is predatory, and under the appearance of it some indefinable weakness. He seems dull, but in his uncouth mind there is some evidence of intelligence and imagination." His mind is one that is capable of grasping great things, if his spirit is willing. However, in the process of his education, West imbibes only prejudiced reference works. They cast a blight upon his mind, and he goes from one —ism to another, each time finding a god better than the one before to adore, until at last he is a god himself. Gradually, however, he delves into science; he becomes so fascinated that he concludes that there must be some great Cause in back of everything, and "that this Cause of causes must be a being of vast intelligence incomparably superior to the greatest human intellects which must labor for years to get a little scientific

insight into a few of nature's tiny mechanisms," as was the case with him. Now he has freedom, a real freedom: not only on the surface, but a freedom which penetrates his very soul and pervades his whole being. Strange to say, Ellington Prison was not a deterrent to Stephen's newly found freedom; rather, it was his salvation.

When one considers Nina's convent school training, one concludes that her's should have been the model type of character. However, although on the surface Nina appears to be a lovely personage, her conformity to the moral standards is only a mask. "Nina's life since she left the convent school, where lights of innocence and serene purity seemed to fill and surround her and all those about her, had been a gradual progress toward a catastrophe. . . . A careful analysis might have revealed a progression in the violence of her passions and the degree of her acquiescence." In a lonely spot on a hillside, alone with the man who loves her, Nina, overcome by a surge of hate and wantonness, gives reign to the tumultuous feelings that are within her, and allows them to overflow with a thunderous outpouring of molten hot passions. When she enters into this stratum where, in her mind, there is no place for any other authority save her own individual personality, she brings herself to her own ruin; the pedestal whereon she has placed herself falls to the ground in a crumbling heap.

Mr. Walsh lacks the easy flowing style and vivid descriptions of Helen C. White. Yet he has a certain beauty in his simplicity, and because of his simple language he is appealing to all classes of readers. He is so concise in his diction that the

reader is not hindered by any illogical thought.

The part of the story which is comparable to Dante's "Purgatorio" is perhaps Mr. Walsh's masterpiece. The analysis of his characters is Dantean; he portrays them as they really are, and tops the whole book off by following his character through to the end. The author has a deep and understanding knowledge of human nature and human relations. The evidence which the Stephen of *Out of the Whirlwind* adduces in behalf of the Catholic Church fills one with an undefinable feeling. To the broadminded it extends an invitation to greatly widen and deepen their knowledge of human nature; to the narrowminded and prejudiced it EXTENDS A CHALLENGE! It should be read and will be read.

Anthony Gamble '36

William Frantz '36

NOT BUILT WITH HANDS

By Helen C. White

To appreciate the greatness of Pope Gregory VII; to praise the historic figure of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, and many other memorable characters of the eleventh century; to visualize the impious character of Henry IV of Germany is to experience the feelings of Helen C. White, who in her latest novel, *Not Built With Hands*, graphically depicts the gigantic struggle of papal authority for the suppression of lay investiture.

Not Built With Hands is a true historical novel, written not merely for pleasure reading, but also for biographical and historical reading. Pope Gregory VII is the hero of this unusual novel; his most trusted counselor, Matilda, is the heroine, while the consciousnessless Emperor

BOOK SHELF

of the Germans, Henry IV, is the vanquished wrongdoer. In defeat Henry crawls to Canossa barefoot, and in the robe of a penitent makes subjection to Christ.

It may seem odd that a novel should be biographical, but Miss White so perfectly silhouettes the characters of Gregory VII and Matilda, that the biographical nature of the book is evident. Although the biographies are incomplete, they nevertheless tell the public life of both of these characters, and reveal many customs and habits of the time.

Another outstanding quality of the book is undoubtedly the style which Miss White has perfected into a very unique and striking flow of language. Especially striking are her concise yet detailed descriptions of which vivid and accurate comparisons form the nucleus. With an amazing vocabulary Miss White expresses her thoughts in a very graceful style. For example:

"For the moment none of her three companions spoke but stood silently watching the wind shimmer through the leaves and flowers of the garden. The tawny gold of the lilies, the tight-clutched flame of the roses, the violet plumes of the iris, flowed into the purple-green shadows of the shrubbery like recurring themes in a piece of music."

Or again: "It was a cool day for June. The very clearness and brightness of the air seemed but to deepen the warmth of color in leaves and flowers and sky. Even in the worn marbles of the bare cloister arches and veins of amethyst and topaz glowed duskily under the clouded surface. And in the moving leaves of the laurels and ilex, the latticed sunbeams danced over the shadows in points of light."

Because of its wide scope of action,

this book should prove interesting and educational to every reader. The historian can read it for its curt but sincere biographies of Pope Gregory VII, Matilda, Countess of Tuscany, and King Henry IV of Germany. I praise *Not Built With Hands* sincerely but not excessively; I recommend it in superlatives that are deserved.
E. G. '37

Books recently acquired

FICTION

The Bright Shawl — Hergesheimer

The Store — Stribling

Out of the Whirlwind — Walsh

Not Built With Hands — White

Bold Blades of Donegal — McManus

BIOGRAPHY

Dante Vivo — Papini

The Francis Preston Blair Family in Politics — Smith

My Old World — Dimnet

Memoirs — Apponyi

HISTORY

Blood-Drenched Altars — Kelley

A History of Egypt — Breasted

Survey of Greek Civilization — Mahaffy

MISCELLANEOUS

Principles of Ethics — Moore

The Open Door at Home — Beard

Crucifying Christ in our Colleges — Gilbert

Christian Schools and Scholars — Drane

Outline of Town and City Planning — Adams

Social Work Year Book, 1935 — Hall

Mirage and Truth — D'Arcy

Christian Art — Morey

Old Age Pensions — Johnsen

Collective Bargaining — Johnsen

Lotteries — Muller

Socialization of Medicine — Johnsen

The Mass, A Study of Roman Liturgy — Fortescue



THE NEWS OF THE DEATH OF JOE
 Typewriters are a-hummin' in the office
 late tonight,
 And everyone's a-hurryin' to complete
 his 'ssignments right;
 But, as I type away, all my fingers
 stiffen so,
 For they're sending to the printing press
 The news of the death of Joe.

My eyes are moist with teardrops, but
 my mouth is awful dry,
 'Cause through my mind is racing
 memories of days gone by,
 When he was one of us, (seems but like
 a day ago.)
 Now they're sending to the printing
 press
 The news of the death of Joe.
 We know he's up in Heaven — Heaven's
 made for guys like him;
 And he's smiling with the angels though
 down here our eyes are dim.
 Still, we're happy 'cause he's happy,
 though it hurts us much, you know,
 To be sending to the printing press
 The news of the death of Joe.

R. I. P.

Joseph Heidgerken, formerly a member
 of the class of '36, passed away on the
 day of July 6. He is survived by his
 father and three sisters. To you, to whom
 Joe was a loving son and fond brother,
 we, the COLLEGIAN STAFF, extend
 our sympathies. Truly, your loss is our

loss, but let us be consoled with the
 knowledge that Joe is now a member of
 the Alumni in Heaven.

On May 26 the Akron Chapter of the
 St. Joseph's Alumni Association met at
 its adopted Alma Ma-
Akron Alumni ter, Brunnerdale Semi-
Chapter nary, C.P.P.S., Canton,
 Ohio. Despite the wily
 strategem of spiriting away the pitching
 ace of the Brunnerdale baseball squad,
 the Chapter's athletic endeavors produced
 not winning runs but sunburned faces
 and sore muscles. Socially, however, the
 day was a complete success, for it served
 to bring about a reunion of St. Joe men
 who find it impossible to meet yearly at
 the Alma Mater on the annual home-
 coming day. Distant St. Joe during those
 short memory-filled hours took on a
 distinct and vivid outline in the hazy
 recollections of "the time when," and
 "the guy who."

"I'm in politics!" That is the gist of
 part of Joe Gibson's letter addressed to
 the alumni editor. Joe
First Steps was elected to the
Political Chairmanship of the
 Fifth District, Septem-
 ber 17. But that is only the beginning;
 Joe, who has a personality for winning,
 and a sincerity which will accept only
 honest success, will rise rapidly.

A L U M N I

Another part of this letter is an appreciated loyal tribute to St. Joseph's: "I have made it known throughout the state that that is the school I attended; I am proud of the fact that St. Joseph's was my school; I am glad to be able to have my Alma Mater's name behind me." That statement comes from the heart of Mr. Gibson. It deserves and receives our honest gratitude.

All who know Mr. Gibson, especially all of the class of '31, will rejoice at his advancement. Why not write him a personal letter? You will reach him at 203 W. Elm Street, Kokomo, Indiana.

One of the most interesting and appreciated documents ever received by this department was a *Hoingan Diary* "Hoingan Diary" by the Reverend George Bauer, M. M., a missionary in China who once spent two years at St. Joseph's as a student. The diary treats of the innumerable tasks, occurrences, hardships, and spiritual comforts in the life of the ordinary missionary. Although the style is very simple, the events recorded attract and hold one's interest. We gather from Father Bauer that he is well and happy. We also feel sure that God's work among the heathens is being very well promoted, and we pray that Father Bauer may reap a rich harvest for the Master in the field in which he is laboring so cheerfully.

On September 13, St. Joseph's was honored by the visit of Mr. Daniel Hayden, '17, who holds a position with the Corn Belt Bank of Bloomington, Illinois.

Incidentally, this was Mr. Hayden's first visit since 1918. He inquired about many former pals of his back in college days, particularly those of '17 and '18! He wishes to ask them through these columns to get in touch with him, and thus renew some old college friendships. We'll be looking for you, Mr. Hayden, on homecoming days next spring.

On his visit September 9, Mr. Edward Fisher showed that he has not lost a whit of that geniality which made him one of the outstanding members of the class of '34. We feel assured of his success and popularity at the University of Notre Dame where he is completing his education. As versatile as ever, we are sure.

We recently received an interesting letter from Gomar "Cop" De Cocker, '34 now located at Hastings, Michigan. While at St. Joseph's, "Cop" won local fame for himself by his strength and agility in Turner Hall. More power to him!

Donald Foohey, President of the class of '35, who exhibited such a pleasant personality during the years he was at St. Joseph's, is now a neophyte in matters philosophical at St. Gregory's Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Several cheerful letters have arrived from graduates of '35 who are beginning philosophical courses at St. Charles Seminary, Carthagenia, Ohio. The letters indicate that

the seminary surpasses their most sanguine expectations. Those at the seminary are: Richard Baird, Rudolph Bierberg, Hugh Hasson, Norman Heckman, Ambrose Heiman, George Heinzen, Werner Hemmelgarn, William Higgins, Leonard Kostka, Gerard Krapf, Norbert Loshe, Edward McCarthy, Henry Martin, Edward Maziarz, Bernard Mores, Joseph Nienberg, Victor Ranly, Harold Roth, John Samis, Vincent Shafer, Michael Spegele, Michael Stohr, Francis Watzek, and August Wolf.

The enrollment of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., was increased by the names of two of our graduates, Donald Klaus, '35, and Anthony Suelzer, '35. It is particularly pleasing to THE COLLEGIAN Staff to learn of this, and we hasten to express our most sincere wishes for their future success.

Snatches heard in the locker rooms: Justin Serocinski, '35, is doing well as assistant manager of a Standard Oil Service Station in Hammond, Indiana; John La Badie, "Walter Winchell" of Collegeville, is haranguing the Law Department as a student at the University of Cincinnati; Mosa Spire and George Rodman are continuing their medical courses at St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri. Good luck to all.

Sinclair Egolf, of the class of '36, is following a chemical engineering course at Purdue University; James Thurin, Edward Dunn, and Denis McCarten have matriculated at Assumption College, Sandwich, Ontario, Canada to continue their studies. We wish them the best of luck.

This year the fifteen students from Akron, Canton and Youngstown, Ohio, did not need to wait until Registration Day to become acquainted with the spirit and traditions of St. Joseph's. On September 5 the Akron Alumni Chapter, under the leadership of its officers, Leo Beck '17, Raymond Dirrig '25, and Paul Hummel '25, conducted a well planned "get acquainted meeting" at St. Paul's Hall, Akron, Ohio, which, with its excellent equipment, the Reverend Clement Boeke '07, kindly placed at their disposal. Informal introductions, speeches and reminiscences laid the foundation for a lasting friendship between the alumni, students and institution. The feed spread was "only the beginning."

This department regrets to say that correspondence from alumni is not as plentiful as it might be. Naturally, we are very much concerned in what you alumni are doing; consequently, a line or two will be deeply appreciated.

Aurele Durocher
John Hoorman



IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWERS



Emerging from a world of mist, a world of rain and cold, of gloom and drab, a new day was born. From out of the east a different sun arose, a blue sky grew shallow, and Nature breathed a breath of autumnal freshness. Nestled in waivering maples, blackbirds crooned a new song, sweeter than the music of the waterfall. Mother Earth was once again rejuvenated. It was a new awakening.

Perfectly aware of the symbolic beauty was St. Joseph's College, our Alma Mater. For that memorable day was September 9, St. Joseph's 45th Registration Day, and truly a new awakening. Every spot on the campus was alive with new born spirits of greeting and welcome. To the old students it was the return home; to the new students, the finding of a longed-for haven of friendship and happiness. Once more life in its very dramatic form, the Collegiate, will pass "In the Shadow of the Towers." *Live Thou Fairest Alma Mater.*

On Tuesday morning, September 10, one of the largest studentbodies of recent years assembled in our beautiful chapel to attend Solemn High Mass, beseeching God's guidance through the coming scholastic year. In the hearts of all the prayer of petition was identical.

The celebrant of the Mass was the Reverend Charles Durbin of Brown's

Valley, Kentucky. The Reverend Anthony Paluszak who has just returned after four years absence at the Catholic University, assisted as deacon; the Reverend Clement Falter, as subdeacon, and the Reverend Sylvester Ley, as master of ceremonies.

A new choir, organized during the summer months, inspired the entire assembly by their dulcet rendition of the Mass music.

With God's blessing on the coming months of school, this year will surely be one of the brightest and most successful in the history of St. Joseph's. *Grow thou dearest Alma Mater.*

The first week of school is completed. And with its conclusion arrives the freshmen's red-letter day, *First Outing* the traditional first Monday free day.

What a day for a free day! Blue skies above, as clear as the carefree minds of the students, canopy a perfect setting for a perfect day. Happy and contented, many spend the morning as singing nomads, wandering here and there about the neighboring countryside to admire the handwork of Mother Nature.

The afternoon sees not a band of caroling gypsies pouring out of Collegeville, but a stunning dress parade, Rensselaer bound. Ah! red-letter day for freshmen?

Yes, and for sophomores, juniors, and seniors. And red-letter day for Rensselaer!

The theatre, crowded to capacity, resembles a premiere in Hollywood. Paradoxically, however, the greatest star Hollywood can claim is bidding farewell to the screen; for the last time the St. Joe boys see the sparkling smile, the radiant countenance, the reckless speech of the man the whole world loved. 'Tis Will Rogers living again on the silver screen only as an encore to his dramatic departure. After the show the fellows scatter to all parts of town, each merry group to its own rendezvous. And then back to dear old St. Joe. When the sun falls, shadows veil the once clear skies, another perfect day has gone to rest. A chat with God, a few moments of leisure to enjoy a smooth smoke, a bibation from the fountain of intellectuality, and then to bed.

If disappointment registered in the faces of the students who returned, over the news that the Reverend Bernard Scharf had been transferred to Central Catholic High School, Hammond Indiana, and that Father Joseph Hiller was away temporarily to pursue his graduate studies, this was compensated for by the fact that the Reverends Anthony Paluszak and Camillus Lutkemeier had returned from the university to resume their places on the teaching staff.

Father Scharf is teaching history and Latin in his new position; Father Hiller is attending the University of Cincinnati to prepare himself further for heading the department of Germanic Languages at St. Joseph's. Father Camillus, who has specialized in the classics, is now teaching Latin; Dr. Paluszak is the newly ap-

pointed Dean of the Classics Department.

The students welcome the Reverend Harold Diller who has been appointed to the teaching staff for the first time.



When the dawn crept over the hill on the day of September twenty-second, the

	college seniors greeted
<i>The Senior</i>	it with open arms.
<i>Outing</i>	The grand day for

the annual Senior Outing had arrived! At an appointed time, some fifty-odd seniors started out from the Raleigh Club, all attired in nondescript clothing adapted to the forthcoming escapade. The parading Senior Expeditionary Force first approached the Triumphal Arch, hailed it with the famous Uecker Hall Victory March, then magnificently wheeled about. With a last ringing cheer they departed, leaving behind them a trail of billowing dust clouds.

Immediately upon their arrival at the gravel pit, the peace of the wilderness was rudely shattered by the battle-cry: "Shinny on your own side!" For a full hour the continual uproar of clashing sticks and banging cans was interspersed with howls of pain as some luckless individual got a crack on the shins.

Presently some humane-minded person suggested a gentler game of soft-ball. This was followed by a general cleaning up of all participants. Some, more ambitious than the rest, decided to make a thorough job of it, so into the water they went, clothes and all, (some of them not of their own volition.) In the process of drying out his apparel, one unfortunate victim of fate found his trousers blazing merrily away in the flames. Tsk, tsk!

Meanwhile, the Committee on the Satisfaction of Abnormal Appetites un-

obtrusively went about its work. But alack and alas, within ten minutes the fruits of their labors had utterly vanished. Beaming faces and discarded coffee cups told a tale of crammed gullets.

As a fitting climax to it all, someone conceived the very noble idea of indulging in a tomato fight. Accordingly, all those who desired to partake in the fracas girt their loins, and armed themselves with spheres of unmatured ketchup. One full basket of nice, ripe, luscious fruit of the solanaceous plant was set aside as a reserve for those who wasted their ammunition; one bold, bad man braved the bombardment of his foes and nonchalantly walked away with the reserve bushel.

Finally, as the sun began his downward journey into the far western horizon, all gathered for one last picture, then started back. Amid a crackling of drums and a blaring of bugles, the proud gladiators returned, covered with the glorious marks of battle. Some were limping, others had bandaged hands or discolored optics, but all held their heads high in symbolic dignity. Reverently they stood about the flagpole as the banner of the Class of '36 unfurled its challenge to the

world. One last cheer blasted out from over-wrought throats.



Our little town of Collegeville, ever eager to abound in beauty and cleanliness, underwent many an operation this summer for the improvement of its magnetic charms. Throughout the entire administration building clever color schemes, modernistic but modest, cover the walls and ceilings. Club rooms have been given an added touch of warmth, making them all the more homelike and comfortable. Ye College Sweete Shoppe, displaying an attractive new radio, furnishes sweet music for sweets eaters. The Collegeville Pressing Company boasts of a newly decorated shop and new accessories.

Pages would be necessary to elaborate on all the new projects found, but the students' eyes are now focused on the preparations which are being made for the new college buildings. Soon St. Joseph's will consist of both high school and four year college. With an optimistic eye to the future, we see a large Catholic college, nationally famous, flourishing "In the Shadow of the Towers." *Bloom thou glorious Alma Mater.*





As September abruptly draws the final curtain on all the joys and frivolities of the summer time, the attention of the college student is shifted from the care-free interests of vacation to the consideration of his return to school and the resumption of scholastic activities. Predominant in his mind is but one determination — to make this year a highly successful one from a spiritual, social, and intellectual standpoint.

Realizing the fundamental necessity of social advancement, societies and clubs of diverse natures were long ago established by the authorities of St. Joseph's. Complementing the education which the classroom gives, these organizations throughout the succeeding years have borne abundant fruit, and now represent the most vital as well as the most popular of Collegeville's extra-curricular activities.

To record the activities of these clubs is the pleasure of the "Spotlighters," and it is with the hope that our monthly columns will contain accounts of praiseworthy achievements that we extend to each club a sincere wish for a successful year.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Displaying the enthusiasm, dignity, and wisdom characteristic of college seniors,

forty seasoned members of St. Joseph's oldest literary organization assembled on September 15 for the august purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year.

Delivered in a manner that bespoke an extensive knowledge of political technique, the vehement speeches of nomination so impressed the assembly that none of the various elections was decided until the final votes had been tallied.

The presidency of the society was conferred upon Donald Muldoon. Alvin Burns was the assembly's choice for Vice-President, while Anthony Gamble, Henry Gzybowski, and Richard Scharf were elected to the offices of Secretary, Treasurer, and Critic respectively. The Executive Committee is composed of Lawrence Mertes, Roman Anderson, and Robert Kaple. To complete an excellent list of officers the Reverend Moderator, Fr. Eugene Luckey, C. PP. S., appointed Albert Van Nevel to the position of Marshal.

Concluding the meeting, Fr. Luckey expressed his satisfaction at the society's choice of officers, and predicted a highly successful year if the enthusiasm and determination so manifest at the opening meeting was sustained throughout the year.

On the evening of October 11, the

THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

C. L. S. will inaugurate its public activities with a diversified program presented in the College theatre.



THE RALEIGH CLUB.

To one familiar with St. Joseph's, the Raleigh Club needs no explanation. It is the center and medium of practically all student social activity. To fully appreciate the Raleigh Club one must have experienced all the aspects of membership.

With the presentation on Sunday evening, September 22, of the first of a new series of programs, the Raleigh Club year got under way. From beginning to end the program was delightfully entertaining. No small credit is due to George Muresan, first among Collegeville musicians, and his "Vagabonds," who compose the official Raleigh Club Orchestra. Although he interspersed his remarks with lamentations on the difficulties of serving as Master of Ceremonies, Richard Scharf nevertheless performed quite well in that capacity. Several novel musical arrangements brought the program to the final feature—a few well-chosen words by our new Reverend Moderator, Father Fehrenbacher, C. PP. S. While the Raleigh Club regrets the absence of Reverend John Schon, C. PP. S., who so enthusiastically directed its activities for two years, it may well feel assured that Father Fehrenbacher will spare no effort in furthering the realization of this organization's ideals.

We hope that this program was an example of the type we may expect throughout the year. With Roman Anderson as president we feel that our hopes are not unfounded. We have,

however, one suggestion to make. The programs should not be devoted too exclusively to music, since the character of the audience is not such as to enjoy fully a program purely musical. To keep alive the element of suspense by unexpected features is to add spice to the program.

Already a marked contrast is noticeable between the old members and the aspirants for membership, and an air of expectancy and speculation seems to pervade the ranks of the "rookies." The certainty that the initiation is to return this year to its pristine rigor is music to the ears of every initiated member. The fateful days will be those between September 29 and October 12.



THE NEWMAN CLUB.

The Newman Club is unique at Collegeville. Unlike other organizations it has no old membership, funds, nor experience to fall back upon. It must set out to blaze new trails toward literary, dramatic, and oratorical perfection, with no standard of guidance except the letter of its constitution and the dead records of past years. For this reason it is requisite that the officers of the Newman Club be live personalities, real leaders. The club has placed its hopes in the following men: Joseph Sheuer, President; Julius Thurin, Vice-President; Vern Emmens, Treasurer; and John Bannon, Critic. Joseph Voors is Chairman of the Executive Committee; his assistants are Robert Grindle and Henry Ameling. The Newman Club is to be congratulated on its choice of officers; we search the roll call in vain for a better combination. We issue them a challenge to better the records of the Newman Clubs of former

years; at the same time we wish to offer them encouragement and assurance of success.



MONOGRAM CLUB.

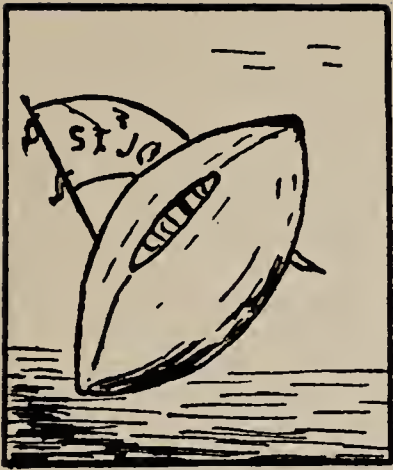
Assuming the dignity commensurate with his office, Norbert Dreiling, president of the most exclusive club on the campus, called to order the first meeting of Collegeville's "J" men on the morning of September 15. After speaking briefly on the necessity of enforcing the club's rules and regulations, he introduced Mr. Ray De Cook, director of the organization. So forceful were the Coach's comments concerning the need of cooperation and interest in the club's activities, that the cozy abode of the letter-men was soon abuzz with discussions of plans relative to the staging of a public affair under the auspices of the Monogram Club.

As a result of that discussion a card party was held on the evening of September 28. The entire spacious gallery of the gymnasium was reserved for card playing. For two hours a cheerful med-

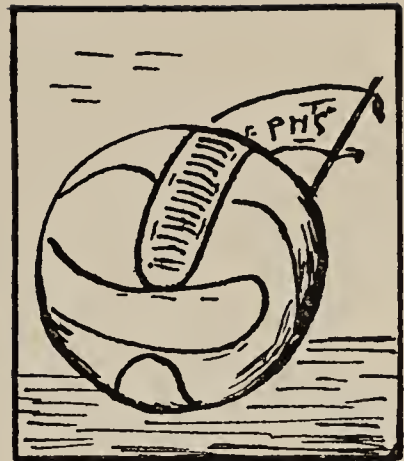
ley of voices together with lightsome laughter indicated that "a good time was being had by all." Welcome, indeed, were the refreshments which followed the awarding of prizes to the various winners. The highlight of the evening's entertainment was the raffling of the football used in the game of a few hours previous against Valparaiso University. To enhance the value of the coveted pigskin each member of the squad graced it with his autograph.

Although the financial result of the party was not disclosed, the smile which spread across the countenance of Joe Smolar, diminutive exchequer of the club, was proof enough that the Monogram coffers had received an appreciable boost. The success of the program substantiates our conviction that the Monogram Club numbers in its ranks men of executive as well as of athletic ability. Having witnessed the success of their first undertaking, the "Spotlight" unhesitatingly presages that the Monogram Club will experience a year pregnant with noteworthy achievements.





SPORTS



Faced with the toughest grid schedule in St. Joe's football history, Coach De Cook inaugurated practice sessions on the day following registration. There were fifty candidates out to groan through preliminary calisthenics. Immediately De Cook pressed hard practice in an endeavor to form a well balanced football machine from a squad composed largely of reserves and recruits. In order to obtain the rhythm and swing necessary for the Notre Dame style of play, Mr. De Cook has been stressing plays and formations.

Much of last year's driving power has been lost by graduation. Captain La Noue and "Jim" O'Grady, last year's most dependable backs: "Salty" Leuter- man, guard superb: "Horse" Rattermann, bearlike tackle: and that aggressive end, "Norm" Heckman, are all lost by the graduation route. Coach De Cook will wear an all-season smile if he can find suitable material to fill these vacancies.

Only eleven Lettermen, seven of them regulars, are back fighting to hold their positions on the team. These are: "Kush" Kosalko, "Ossie" Foos, and "Rosy" Glorioso, stalwart behemoths of the forward wall who have their positions practically clinched: "Dick" Scharf, flashy left half who is shooting at the position vacated by LaNoue: "Bob" Hat-

ton who will probably be in again at full-back: "Andy" Anderson, reserve fullback of last year who has been shifted to right half; and "Joe" Smolar who is battling with "Buck" O'Riley for the quarterback position. The team will miss the ability and generalship of "Cy" Gaffney, popular captain of this year's squad who may be out of the lineup for several weeks due to illness.

In the ranks of the freshmen recruits we find many promising players out trying to earn positions on the varsity team. Badke, tackle: O'Keefe, end: and Johnson, halfback: a trio of potential stars from Chicago, seem likely to break into the team. In Jones, Tippmann, and Moore, Coach De Cook places his hopes for strengthening the line. After he gains some experience, Petit, a young passing and kicking threat, will give Hatton a good battle for the fullback position.

Athletic Director Rev. Koenn and Coach De Cook have jointly arranged the most comprehensive schedule that any Cardinal football squad has been called upon to face.

SEPT. 28—Valparaiso University H
OCT. 12—Elmhurst College T
OCT. 19—Central Normal College T
OCT. 26—Rose Poly T
NOV. 2—Manchester College H
NOV. 9—Open

St. Joe Loses Opening Game to Valpo.

"Fight, Team, Fight!" yells a crowd of frenzied football lovers as two teams sweep down the field,—the St. Joe Cardinals and the Valparaiso University Uhlans. St. Joe's 1935 football season is on.

Fighting every inch of the way, the dogged Cardinal team had to give way to the Uhlans' superior weight and experience. Though they showed a splendid aerial attack in spite of the tricky wind, St. Joe could not cope with the well executed blocks of the men in gold and the shifty open field running of half-back Karr.

Early in the first quarter the upstaters threatened to score when Drzewick ran the ball off tackle to St. Joe's 10 yard line. Here, however, the Purple line crouched low and stubbornly refused to give an inch; Scharf punted the ball far down the field out of danger. St. Joe followed through with fighting instinct to hold the Uhlans scoreless during the first period and drive down the field at the close of the quarter on sensational passes to Weaver and Hatton.

Soon after the second quarter began Anderson dropped back to his own thirty yard stripe to punt, but three gold suits loomed before him to block his kick and send the ball bounding crazily. A Valpo man covered the oval on the two yard line. Koss, with perfect interference, smashed across the goal line for the first touchdown of the game. Depressed by this twist of fate, St. Joe watched the Uhlans add another six points to its total on a thirty yard pass to Dierker. They watched Hatton boot a long low end over end punt which bobbled past Karr, the safety man. They saw him run back, scoop it up, and zig-zag for eighty yards through the whole Cardinal

team for a touchdown. The half ended, Valpo 19, St. Joe 0.

A bomb shell named Red Johnson burst upon the Valpo team in the third quarter. Tricky in and out running gained yards for St. Joe time and again. All the Cards lacked was the extra burst of power to crash through the line for a touchdown. In this quarter Karr got away for another long twisting run to bring the count to 26-0.

Every break in the game seemed to be against St. Joe, for in the last period Johnson streaked 50 yards for a goal only to be called back on account of holding.

Cardinals			Uhlans
Weaver	L. E.		Miller
Kosalko	L. T.		Brooks
Foos	L. G.		Krampien
Glorioso	C.		Mauler
Bonifas	R. G.		Kamplain
Badke	R. T.		Backus
O'Keefe	R. E.		Dierker
Smolar	Q. B.		Anholt
Scharf	L. H.		Drzewick
Anderson	R. H.		Karr
Hatton	F. B.		Baran

Substitutions:

St. Joe: Dreiling, Jones, O'Riley, Steininger, Johnson, Westhoven, Moore, Henrikson, Kaple.

Valparaiso: Kitchen, Dale, Vahey, Nehring, Lehman, Struck, Walton, Andres, Rasick, Barclay, Sullivan, Loga, Boherns.

Score by periods:

St. Joe	0	0	0	0—0
Valparaiso	0	19	7	0—26

Referee—Strole, Butler
Umpire—McColly, Indiana
Field Judge—Parker, Wisconsin
Head Linesman—Kresler, Indianapolis



HUMOR



One day Sauer decided to help his father plant the garden. Picking up a seed, Sauer exclaimed: "Daddy, what's this?"

His Father: "Oh that, son, is a seed. If you plant it, another little fellow like you will grow."

Sauer put the seed under a board near the side of the garden. The next morning he hustled out to the garden, but to his surprise, there was nothing under the board but a fat toad. After a moment's hesitation he said: "You little pest; if you weren't my son I'd kill you!"

Friend: "Did you enjoy yourself while you were a freshman at college?"

Kaple: "Did I! Why those were the happiest years of my life."

Visitor: "So your new husband is lazy, is he Mandy?"

Mandy: "Lazy? Ah'll say that man is lazy. He's been out back o'de bahn sawin' wood all mawnin' jes to get outen goin' to de stoah to ge me a loaf o' bread."

The absent-minded professor has finally been killed. He jumped from an airplane and didn't open his parachute because it wasn't raining.

Westhoven: (At the telephone) "Hello, is this Williams' Wholesale House? I have one of your salesmen here and he just insulted me. What shall I do?"

Voice on other end of the line: "Give him a big order and throw him out."

Tietz: "I have very fine eyesight."

Oris: "What of it? I have very good ears."

Tietz (pointing to a barn about a mile down the way): "Well, I bet you don't see that fly on the roof of that barn?"

Oris: "No, but I can hear the shingles creak as he walks across them."

Tourist (in Yellowstone Park): "Those Indians have a blood-curdling yell."

Guide: "Yes, ma'am; every one is a college graduate."

Smolar: "How would you describe a bum?"

Froelich: "A tourist without funds."

Andres: "You know I'm getting very near-sighted lately."

Burell: "How's that?"

Andres: "Every night before I go to bed I have to put on my glasses to recognize the persons I dream about."

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Neil Hamilton -
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TED LEWIS
in "Here Comes the Band"

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